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THE
VOYAGE
OF
ADMIRAL GEORGE CARLTON,
IN SEARCH OF
LOYALTY.

A Poetic Epistle.



LONDON :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. L. TURNER,
170, ALDERSGATE STREET.

1820.

Price Three Pence.

VOYAGE

ADRIAN LINCOLN GARDNER

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THE
VOYAGE, &c.

'MID pageants, forced salutes, and Cowes,
That scarce a leisure hour allows,
An hour to friendship I bestow,
Just to impart how things now go.
Here sailors cheer us 'till they're hoarse,
A proof of loyalty, of course ;
But who would not, when power is jogging,
" Be loyal, Sir—or take a flogging ?
" Shout for the K—— we place our fate in,
" Or roar in pain beside the grating !"

You know I always like to scan
The secret spring which governs man ;
The priests of Baal in Scripture days,
Were ever loudest in his praise ;
But interest was the zeal that led 'em,
And so they propp'd the power that fed 'em.
Break down the fane, the altar shiver,
The priesthood would be lost for ever ;
And offerings must be his with speed,
Who has so many mouths to feed !

VOYAGE OF

Thus then the spring, nor more nor less,
Of loyal Gosport's sage *Address*;
PORTSMOUTH's warm congratulation,
By men in a peculiar station,
Commissioners their voices give,
To praise the means by which they live.
Their loyalty is always sure
Whose *places* are a *sinecure*!

'Tis only those whose famish'd cheek
Their tale of misery bespeak,
By want and goading insult driven,
The scorn of earth, of all, but heaven!
Whose offspring's clamorous cries for bread
Expel him from his wretched shed,
To join with others like himself
Wanting employ—and hope—and pelf;
Who strive to meet their ruin's storm,
And grasp at—*Radical Reform*.

But hold, too much these themes prevail,
I had almost forgot my tale;
Our Admiral, you surely know,
Had long ne'er met, nor found a foe.
Of comfort fond as folk report,
His vessel snugly lay in port,
'Till sudden came—what seamen call
A swift and unexpected squall!
And his proud ship, so fate's design,
Was shatter'd by the *Caroline*!

ADMIRAL GEORGE CARLTON.

She had for years been on a cruise,
Mann'd, as 'tis said, by foreign crews,
Because the hands with whom she started,
Decoy'd or brib'd, had all deserted ;
Thus slander had denied her claim
To courage, principle, or fame ;
'Till glowing at the dastard stroke,
She prov'd her timber—*Heart of Oak* !
Resolv'd to strike the earliest blow,
And give a broadside to the foe.

Returning thus in angry scowl,
She and our Admiral "*fell foul*."
That day his cook's invention fertile,
Produced a dainty dish of turtle ;
Confections, stews, all art was able,
Was stor'd upon the cabin table ;
Their place the glittering goblets claim,
With Tokay, Burgundy, Champaigne ;
Each had its place, while courtly bland
His officers around him stand,
Waiting the motion to a seat,
To share the highly season'd treat.

Just then a shock the vessel feels,
" We're foul,—we're foul !" —the banquet reels,
Turtle or Admiral—none protect,
And both lay scatter'd on the deck ;
Nor doom'd the sparkling juice to swig,
There lay the chief, and there—his wig !

VOYAGE OF

His head was broke, the wound to stop
They quickly send for *Doctor Slop*,
Who coolly 'mid the strange confusion,
Sagely examin'd the contusion ;
Of inflammation 'gan to preach,
And sent the Admiral—a LEECH !

Meanwhile into the harbour proud,
All welcom'd by the joyous croud,
The *Caroline* forgot her smarts,
And anchor'd bold in British hearts !
This vessel bold and richly gilt,
May yet be class'd as foreign built ;
Of British oak, a season'd stock,
They built her firm in *Brunswick's Dock*.
'Till for the British service mann'd,
The Admiral had sole command !
'Tis said, (nor do I doubt the word,)
He only slept *one* night on board,
And mov'd his downy cot next day,
Where his old former frigate lay,

Since then the *Caroline* has been
The mark of his inveterate spleen ;
Not that he dar'd refuse her pay
As long as she would *keep away*.
What though she had our honour sold,
She still might squander British gold !
What, though a foreign crew profan'd
The decks a Briton's honour claim'd,

ADMIRAL GEORGE CARLTON.

Still she was free to spend or steer—
The only bargain—"don't come here!"

But Innocence with pendant bright,
That skims along a sea of light,
Pilot of Virtue in the hour
When guilt and malice wage their power,
She led the way with conscious smile,
And bade her trust in Britain's Isle!
By *Leeches* drain'd—all truth refused,
Degraded, flattered, and abused,
Diseas'd at heart—to find a sop,
A fee of power to *Doctor Slop*.
Behold him venture out again,
To taste the pleasures of the main,
To sail to music's dulcet measure,
A sailor in the lap of pleasure,
Like that grown boy by custom hurl'd,
His mother took to see the world!

My friend, this voyage well I see,
Is made in search of Loyalty!
Reform, that radical rude triton,
Has late profan'd the port of *Brighton*,
And gave the Admiral a goad, as
Made him leave his rare pagodas!
London again he would not dare,
The *Caroline* has anchor'd there.
Thus stung by shame, by truth pursu'd
And *Brighton's* base ingratitude,

VOYAGE, &c.

He quits Old England, self-resign'd,
And leaves his truest friends behind
To sport with every fawning beagle,
With Paget, Cunningham, or Nagle.

But on that bold, abandon'd shore,
Methinks I hear the lion roar ;
From clift to clift in rage he flies,
And lightnings quiver in his eyes
As if in warning voice to say
The lines with which I end my lay :
“ Arise thee, from thy slumbers wake,
“ And pleasure's syren fetters break.
“ The Eagle chance may soar so high
“ As not to hear the nestlings' cry ;
“ But he who sits their wants to trace,
“ Becomes degenerate from his race.
“ Be wise, and take my *warning* first,
“ Ere yet the rumbling tempest burst,
“ And those commotions which succeed,
“ Shall leave thee but a wreck indeed !

THE END.